NATIONAL REVIEW

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June 8, 1957

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Roots of the Liberal Complacency

RICHARD M. WEAVER

The Ordeal of Adam Clayton Powell

MAUREEN L. BUCKLEY

The 'Voice' on Mahomet

ELGIN GROSECLOSE

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

WILLMOORE KENDALL · FRANK S. MEYER · RUSSELL KIRK

ROBERT PHELPS · MONTGOMERY M. GREEN · REVILO OLIVER

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For the Record

The Communist-backed campaign to ban further H-bomb tests gains ground. The National Congress of the PTA has approved a resolution calling for an international agreement to end the testing and use of hydrogen bombs and nuclear weapons....The Gallup Poll finds that 63 per cent of U.S. citizens would favor banning further nuclear tests today (provided, of course, the USSR does so too), as against 24 per cent last fall when Adlai Stevenson raised the issue.

General Stratemeyer, who headed the drive to get ten million signatures on the petition against censure of Joe McCarthy some years ago, suggests that every American who signed one of those petitions send one dollar to the "Joe McCarthy Memorial Fund" (c/o Fulton Lewis, Jr., 1627 K St., NW, Washington, D.C.). The money collected will go to Mrs. McCarthy and her baby, Tierney.

Senator Barry Goldwater says that the United Auto Workers paid 1,580 persons $25 a day (for an undisclosed number of days) during the last election to work for Democratic candidates in Wayne County, Michigan ....Labor Secretary Mitchell says the Administration is "unalterably" opposed to national "right-to-work" legislation. Gov. Harriman boasts no "right-to-work" law will be passed in New York while he is in office.

The congressional budget for fiscal '58 (which includes moneys for running the Government Printing Office, the Library of Congress and the Botanical Gardens) is $78 million—or little more than one-tenth of one per cent of the total budget....Both Senators Johnson and Knowland have come out against writing any long-term "blank checks" for foreign aid....Henry Ford II has urged Michigan legislators to support President Eisenhower's foreign aid program because "I personally feel that it is imperative that [Mr. Eisenhower's] recommendations, without curtailment, have the necessary approval of Congress."

An educational group in Connecticut which tested children in 51 communities reported (to its own surprise) that there was no correlation between the amount of money spent and academic achievement, that money alone does not improve schools....President Eisenhower says he is ready to compromise on a $1.5 billion school construction bill over five years (as opposed to his proposed $1.3 billion over four years).

NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● It seems as though you can't have a private family argument any more. Since the first of the year our three military services, Army and Navy and Air Force, have been at each other hammer-and-tongs over who has the best ballistic missile. Names like "Thor," "Atlas," "Nike," "Bomarc," "Jupiter" have been passed back and forth like—well, like missiles. And now who should jump in but the Soviet Air Force, with a long article in its official magazine, *Soviet Aviation,* claiming that our Army's Nike, with which our cities and defense establishments are being so expensively fenced, is no good. Too slow, too short-range, too easy to disorient, say the Red experts, and to prove it they give page after page of analysis, measurements and performance records. Well, that ought to settle the argument. The Army probably never permitted the Navy or the Air Force to have a look at its plans, so that their criticisms were largely uninformed. But does anyone doubt that the Soviet judgment was based on anything less than a meticulous observation of Nike's blueprints?

● The Reverend A. J. Muste, chairman of the newly formed American Forum for Socialist Education, (NATIONAL REVIEW, May 25, p. 490) has condemned a questionnaire sent out by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee as "evil," a resort to "methods characteristic of totalitarian regimes," "unconstitutional" and "profoundly un-American." The questionnaire asked "to what extent" Albert Blumberg (national legislative chairman of the Communist Party until convicted under the Smith Act in 1956) was a "moving factor" in establishing the Forum, what dealings Mr. Muste had had with "other representatives of the Communist Party, U.S.A. with relation to the Forum," whether each committeeman of the Forum had an equal vote? Mr. Muste refused to answer such totalitarian inquiries. Mr. Muste does not explain how it comes about that his conscience, which has such delicate scruples about collaboration with a committee of our duly elected national legislature, feels no qualm over collaboration with comrades of the butchers of Hungarian students and workers.

● Some factory executives have been expressing fears that automation will result in a growth of union-dictated make-work rules, thus cancelling the benefits resulting from improved machine productivity. To anyone who has watched a mile-long collection of Cross Company "transfermatic" machines lifting an automobile cylinder block from operation to operation, without the intervention of a human hand, it is a little difficult to envisage just what a feather-bedder would be doing in such a factory. We admit, however, that our complacency could be rudely jarred if Mr. Walter Reuther, an imaginative man, were really to put his mind to the problem of devising make-work solutions. Let us hope that no depression intervenes to stimulate Mr. Reuther to activities along these lines.

● Senator Warren G. Magnuson, chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, has appointed himself chairman of a new subcommittee charged with "finding out" why the United States is "out of step" with the rest of the world in refusing its citizens permission to trade with Communist China. By way of reassuring those anxious to re-establish economic relations with Red China that he has every intention of "finding out" the right thing, Senator Magnuson said, "We don't keep 400 million people behind an economic bamboo curtain forever, just because we don't like the politics of their Government." There seems little hope that the subcommittee will discover that it just so happens that everyone *is* out of step except our Johnny!

● Congressmen have offered two explanations for the volume of mail they have lately received from women, endorsing the President's proposed budget: 1) Eisenhower's gloomy radio and TV broadcast on the effect of tampering with his budget frightened women; and 2) the officers of organized women's voting groups mobilized the ranks for sheer love of Modern Republicanism. Yet the President's warnings (that a reduction in foreign aid would so weaken the national security that more men would have to be drafted for longer terms) was too clearly demagogic to stampede women into endorsing the Eisenhower extravagances. And so one must conclude that it is not a fearful heart, but an energetic tail that is wagging the nation: committeewomen.

● Union organizers organized themselves in Atlanta last March into a Field Representatives Federation, and now are demanding a charter, collective bargaining rights and formal recognition from their employers, the AFL-CIO. Their slogan, no doubt, No Contract, No Organizing.

● France was trying to run both a costly welfare state and a costly war on a "buy now-pay later" basis. Last week, some of the payments came due. With a monthly over-all trade deficit reaching $160 million—and no hope of redressing that figure—Premier Mollet finally nerved himself to proposing higher taxes as a means of protecting the nation's dwindling gold reserves. They would help pay the billion dollars France will spend in Algeria this year. But in so doing, Mr. Mollet lost the support of many

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of the "independent" deputies who represent middle-class business interests; and his Government fell. Ironically enough, France will now turn to West Germany for the foreign currency she needs to stay in business.

● For the first time in two years, there has been a public breach in Egypt's collaboration with the Soviet bloc. Under existing economic agreements, the Soviet Union, Poland and Czechoslovakia had expected to pay tolls for passage in the reopened Suez Canal by entries against their bilateral exchange accounts with Egypt. Nasser has suddenly insisted that the Communist ships pay on the barrelhead in U.S. dollars or Swiss francs. He has rejected indignant Communist protests against this affront to the prestige of the ruble.

● The latest educational ukase of the Soviet government: university students, whatever their field of specialization, must every academic year devote 160 class hours to Communist political economy, 140 hours to Communist philosophy, 72 hours to Marxist-Leninist ethics *(sic)*, and 160 hours to the history of the Communist Party. The content may be evil, but it is content. Nothing there about life-adjustment classes. And no time left over, we hazard, for such soul-satisfying Western electives as domestic sanitation and flycasting. A study of the respective curricula of a Soviet university and an American university makes clear who is designed to be the brainwasher, and who the brainwashee.

● From the lips of one and the same man, in the course of one and the same speech; from Philip Drunk, and Philip Sober; from Dr. Fritz Machlup, of Johns Hopkins University . . .

1. "The only harm Communists have done in the United States is to frighten Americans into suppressing civil liberties . . . It is cowardly to look for Communists under American beds" and an abuse of civil liberties to take a man's job away "because he is unwilling to talk about his past or present political beliefs on the witness stand."

2. "I stress very much freedom from government. A liberal in my sense is the opposite of a socialist. He is suspicious of government and is against government intervention. He is an individualist and against collectivism . . . I find the abuses of labor monopoly . . . intolerable."

● Washington fashion note: The House Army Appropriations Subcommittee is seriously displeased with the Army's decision to allow officers and enlisted men to wear green garrison caps with tan summer uniforms. Because it is too expensive? Not at all. Because, says the Committee, the colors clash.

Smashed China

Along with everyone else, we believe that more basic factors were involved in the Taipei riot than mere "emotionalism" over an unpopular verdict by a U.S. military court. But there is one explanation, darkly hinted at by the press, that we reject out of hand: the idea that Chiang's Government instigated the riot. The riot can only have the effect of antagonizing Free China's principal champion and of giving aid and comfort to her enemies; that such a riot was willed by Chiang presumes a degree of masochism that is the exclusive property of the United States government.

Undoubtedly, anti-American provocateurs on Taipei fanned the flames. Undoubtedly, too, there was genuine popular resentment over the disposition of the Reynolds case, since the verdict flew in the face of Chinese cultural and legal traditions. But these factors played against a backdrop of historical Chinese xenophobia which has been seriously aggravated in Taipei in recent years by the conduct of the huge U.S. government mission.

There are now 10,000 Americans in Taipei—5,000 more, the Chinese believe and can persuasively demonstrate, than are needed. The Americans have all the better houses, drive through Taipei's teeming narrow streets in large cars, deport themselves in a superior if not arrogant manner, and seem to go out of their way to emphasize their foreignness. U.S. personnel get little or no introduction to Chinese customs and traditions before being shipped off to Taiwan. Practically none of them speaks Chinese.

Add to this the realization on the part of many Chinese whose life ambition is to return to their homeland that the U.S. government, for all the material aid it grants, is exercising an insurmountable veto over their dream of going home. This is the nature of the frustration of the Free Chinese, which last week erupted into overt public hostility toward the United States.

The best thing that could happen to U.S.-Taiwan relations would be, of course, a U.S. decision to support Free Chinese efforts to recapture the mainland. Such a decision might also, incidentally, lead to the defeat of world Communism. Failing this, we think the U.S. government should take a long, hard look at the size and quality of its bureaucracy in Taipei. As long as Americans are there in force, there will be friction. Emphasis on an efficient working force, without the frills, might go a long way toward removing tension.

The worst aspect of the Taipei riot is that it plays into the hands of those who are attempting to steer the U.S. toward rapprochement with Red China. The protagonists of diplomatic and trade relations with

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Peiping are already citing "anti-Americanism" in Taiwan as grounds for "reconsidering our relations with Chiang"—*i.e.*, of reconsidering our relations with Mao.

NATIONAL REVIEW, of course, deplores destruction of U.S. property. Still, so that our position may be clear: let India exhibit one-tenth of Free China's courage and stamina and purposiveness on the Communist issue, and Indians, for our money, may not only continue to receive U.S. aid but may smash up the U.S. Embassy once a decade.

By Coattail to the Stars

Since his report to the nation on a New Deal for Africa, Richard Nixon has preserved an unaccustomed silence. Though vigorous public debate on the budget and foreign aid were whirling about him, Mr. Nixon long kept his mouth discreetly closed. Now there is no constitutional reason why a Vice President should speak his mind on public or any other questions. All he is explicitly called on to do is to preside over the Senate, to cast a vote there in case of a tie, and to be on hand as successor if the Presidential office should become vacant. These duties apart, he may spend his time studying Sanskrit, for all the Constitution requires.

Mr. Nixon, however, is not only a Vice President but an up-and-coming politician, with his eye glued on the highest star in all the political firmament. A politician must, or thinks he must, sound off from time to time on the issues of the day.

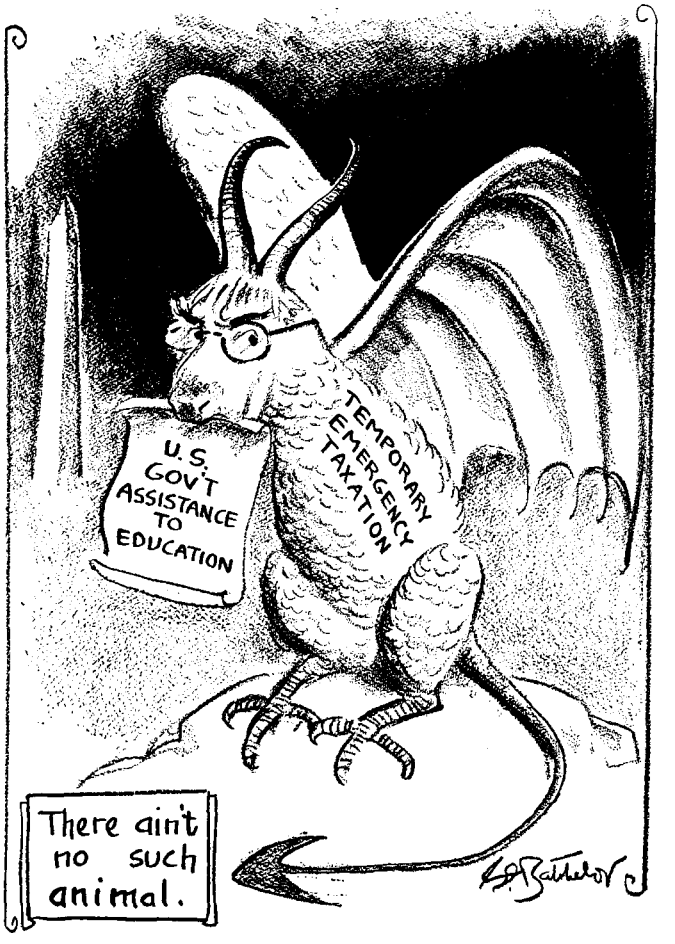
But what could Mr. Nixon say about the budget and foreign aid? On these touchy subjects the differences of opinion among the citizenry are very sharp. To say anything much, one way or the other, would necessarily mean to offend a large bloc of voters. And there are few things a man who wants to be President likes less to do than to offend a large bloc of voters.

The day of reckoning came finally on May 23, at a banquet of the Iron and Steel Institute that had long ago scheduled Mr. Nixon as speaker. The words, which normally flow so trippingly from the Vice Presidential lips, sounded as if they were being dragged out by tongs. Painfully he went down the line: Congress must accept the White House budget as presented, and above all must vote full foreign aid, a cut in which would "jeopardize not only our safety, but our chance for victory in the world struggle."

Does Mr. Nixon really believe the loosely rhetorical sentences with which his speech was studded? It is hard to be sure; but his meaning is clear enough if we translate his words into the language of political tactics. So interpreted, they express Mr. Nixon's apparent conviction that his best chance in the 1960 Presidential sweepstakes is to grab tight to the Eisenhower coattails. Either that, or Mr. Nixon views the Vice Presidential office as demanding, as a matter of loyalty and propriety, an undiscriminating adherence to the Presidential line. For whichever reason, Nixon is for the Eisenhower program in all its particulars. If Mr. Eisenhower is for spending, then let's spend; and if he is for economy, let's economize. If the President wants disarmament, that's what will give us "victory in the world struggle"; but if he opts for a crash program of development of intercontinental ballistic missiles, it will be.

It is, of course, possible that Mr. Nixon is glued to Mr. Eisenhower's coattails not by sentiment but by calculation: he may have arrived at the conclusion, after a careful survey of the national scene, that he can get the Republican nomination only as the candidate of Liberal Republicanism.

Well, maybe Mr. Nixon is right to believe that he will do best by holding fast, and wanting what Mr. Eisenhower wants. It would be ironic, though, if the President, in the stretch, made clear that what he *didn't* want was Mr. Nixon.



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(Look It Up Yourself)

Harold "Disarmament" Stassen
Is spoke of as being astute.
He seems to be able to fasten
To the hair of the dog most hirsute.

No boo-boos, no bungles, no flops
Besmirch his high reputation.
No matter what logic he chops
It is billed as profound cerebration.

The *Times* will accord him a column,
Journals deliver him space
To denounce with a mien most solemn
Our strenuous armament race.

With Nikita he plans to relieve us
Of the curse of the task of survival.
What armaments cannot achieve us
Can be done by a Christian revival.

No inflexibly hostile decision
Will rock our harmonious barks,
We will share whatever we fission
With disciples of Lenin and Marx.

We will trade with them tools of production,
We will make of them better agrarians,
We will help them by patient instruction
To manage unruly Hungarians.

God pray I am not sent to Hell
Nor afflicted with boils and a colic
If I say we are under the spell
Of a *hirudinoid shilpit pilgarlic.*

PETER CRUMPET

At Bay

The Establishment is drawing on its heavy reserves in a final drive to rescue the hard-pressed International Atomic Energy Agency treaty from Senate defeat. The fire of testimony and documents directed from the State Department at the Foreign Relations Committee proved to be only a barrage preliminary to a full-scale attack on a nation-wide front.

Walter Lippmann led off with a ponderous column, trumpeting that the prestige of the President—who, come to think of it, has been a rather reluctant warrior in the fight—is finally at stake. Mr. Lippmann seemed to be trying to needle Mr. Eisenhower out of his tent and into the fray.

The *New York Times* blew in with an editorial declaring that the battle over the Atomic treaty is a historic reproduction of the great struggle over the League of Nations, which this time, the *Times* intoned, must be won, else the world will be forever lost. The Alsops, Roscoe Drummond, Marquis Childs, *Time, Life, New Republic, Washington Post*—all swung into place. Organized campaigns poured pro-treaty letters into Senate mail bags. The heat, in a word, is on.

The latest tactic is a shrewd piece of psychological warfare in the form of "dope" dispatches from Washington purporting to disclose a "swing of public opinion" and "a crumbling of Senatorial opposition." Whether there is any truth in these reports we cannot say, but we do know that the pressure on those Senators most critical of the treaty is very great. Among them are good men and true. They will hold firm if they are convinced that their constituents are standing back of them. It is this confidence that the Establishment is now trying to destroy. And which only the constituents themselves can confirm.

Hold That Line

The tireless champions of Executive supremacy saw an opening, and—give them credit—they charged in. The public wants the budget cut. Fair enough. Congress can cut what the Executive asks for. So why not give the Executive the power to cut some of the things Congress asks for? Such as a pork-barrel appropriation, here and there?

The answer that the champions of Executive supremacy came up with, and which they maneuvered the President to proposing formally, was a time-dishonored gimmick: the "item veto." The Executive, the rationale goes, should not have to approve or veto a bill as a whole, in just the shape it comes to him from Congress. He should have the right to veto individual clauses while approving the rest.

It sounds rather attractive, in the mood of the moment. Quite possibly, in a year like this one, the President could eliminate a few congressionally favored expenditures, and thereby reduce the budget.

But the cost—a major shift in our traditional balance of power—is also worth noting. By acquiring the item veto, the Executive would, directly and indirectly, share and potentially control the law-making process. Legislative control rests ultimately on the power of the purse: the power to decide what public monies cannot be spent for, *and what they must be spent for.* For the Executive to be able to block expenditures for a specific purpose approved by Congress is as much an assertion of legislative power as for the Executive to spend funds that Con-

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gress has not authorized. Moreover, a swelling Executive would soon enough use the item veto, not to reduce the total budget, but as a blackmail device to compel Congress to come through with all funds desired by the Executive, under threat that otherwise the congressionally favored items will be thrown out.

Fortunately most of the leaders of Congress are aware of what is constitutionally at stake. It is probable that the White House item-veto proposal will be laid to parliamentary rest, along with much else of this spring's Modern Republicanism.

We publish this week an article that we consider to be of extraordinary importance. It is an analysis of contemporary Liberalism, by Professor Richard M. Weaver of the University of Chicago. It is the most ordered and penetrating statement, of article length, on the nature of Liberalism that we have seen. A careful reading —and rereading—of it will repay the reader with profound insight into the character of the dominant movement of our time. Reprints of Dr. Weaver's article are available at 15¢ each, $10.00 per 100.

Dramatic Phony

Mr. Arthur Miller, who is almost as famous for his plays as he is for being married to Marilyn Monroe, may shortly have a new dramatic subject if he is found guilty of contempt for refusing to divulge the identity of his associates at Communist meetings to the House Committee on Un-American Activities. In case of conviction he will be hailed as a hero in Liberal circles all over again for refusing to expose his friends. But if the friends were merely guilty of giving unwitting aid to the Communist conspiracy, what harm could befall them? Nobody holds it against Mr. Miller that he himself was a dupe of the Communists in 1947. As his own career proves, anyone who is courageous enough to admit a mistake finds ready forgiveness in American society.

If we are not mistaken, however, Mr. Miller has a real hunger for martyrdom. He delights in heroes who are victims, not of themselves, but of fate, of society, or of the gods. Judged guilty of contempt, he can portray himself as a pawn of baleful men who have no feeling for the First Amendment or for the principle that congressional investigations must be undertaken for specific legislative purposes. The only trouble with such a pose is that nobody can properly invoke the First Amendment when a court or a congressional committee asks for information bearing on a criminal conspiracy that is itself subject to lawful penalties. Arthur Miller may turn a contempt verdict to his own purposes. But if he does, he will be as much a dramatic phony as Mr. Willy Loman, the unheroic hero of his own *Death of a Salesman.*

The Missing Guest

Is the State Department forbidding its officials to participate in public meetings sponsored by conservative organizations?

The Oriel Society of New York, a conservative Christian study group which from time to time sponsors public meetings at which one or more conservative speakers are featured, has had the most mysterious dealings in recent days with Ambassador Scott McLeod. The chairman of the Oriel Society, Dr. Maurice Leahy, planned a dinner for June 3 to honor, jointly, Mr. McLeod and Judge Robert Morris of the Internal Security Subcommittee. Both men accepted the honor and the arrangements were, accordingly, made. The ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria was retained, invitations were sent out, and press releases issued.

Whereupon an extraordinary thing happened. Word filtered through to Dr. Leahy that Mr. McLeod would not be present at the meeting. And, later, an announcement appeared that Mr. McLeod would take part in a national television show, emanating from Washington, on the same night. Though the dinner will take place Monday, June 3, Mr. McLeod has not, at this writing (May 29) communicated directly with Dr. Leahy, a discourtesy that strengthens the impression, collected here and there, that the State Department intervened in Mr. McLeod's schedule, directing him to cancel his appearance before the Oriel Society on account, presumably, of its right-wing political character.

We refuse to believe that anything short of the direst pressure caused Mr. McLeod to withdraw. He is not the man to suffer gladly, or easily, impertinent interferences with his social life, or gratuitous directions as to the company he is permitted to keep.

What happened?

Our contributors: ELGIN GROSECLOSE ("The 'Voice' on Mahomet"), international economist and business consultant, is the author of *Money: The Human Conflict,* and other books. During World War Two he was Treasurer-General of Iran. . . . MAUREEN L. BUCKLEY ("The Ordeal of Adam Clayton Powell"), formerly with the Christophers, for whom she did research and wrote television scripts, is now on the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW.

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The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Cut on the Bias

"It had quality, that war," writes *New York Times* editor Herbert L. Matthews in his new book about Spain (*The Yoke and the Arrows,* Braziller, $3.75).

"I, too, fought," he writes later, "if only vicariously. In that sense I lost, like the Loyalists, for my heart and soul was with them. . . . [But] I claim my own victory, a moral and professional one, for I still feel with all my heart that the Republican cause was just and worthy. . . ." And then: "I would never dream of hiding my own bias or denying it. I did not do so during the Spanish Civil War and I do not do so now. In my credo . . . the journalist is not one who must be free of bias or opinions or feelings. Such a newspaperman would be a pitiful specimen, to be despised rather than admired. There is only one test, one quality the reader has a right to demand—the truth, as a man sees it . . . he must never present anything that he does not honestly believe to be true."

You get it: the Spanish Civil War had quality, and Herbert L. Matthews has quality. The Republican cause in the Spanish Civil War was just and worthy, and Herbert L. Matthews presents the truth as he sees it. And, we would expect from that, this book is in the main an attempt to drive home the *fact*—yupp, fact—that the Spanish Republicans were the Children of Light, and the Spanish Nationalists the Children of Darkness. For that proposition, for reasons that want more talking about than is possible here and now, is integral to Matthews' bias—that is, to the Liberal bias. And, naturally enough therefore, an endlessly recurrent propaganda theme of the Liberal machine.

The Spanish Republican cause, let us reiterate then, was a just cause. The Loyalists fought bravely for the "ideals . . . most of us [Americans] cherish—the freedom of the individual, the right and dignity of man, a liberal, democratic state." They were "the first people to fight fascism." They "fought and died for the highest sort of moral principles." The war was "part of the world struggle against totalitarianism . . . a fight for liberty and democracy"; and "it can await with confidence the verdict of history."

Mr. Matthews believed all that in 1936, and believes it now. But also he has some readers who now know a little too much about the Spanish Civil War, and what went before it, to let him off with anything so crude. So Matthews' task here is to recognize and work in a certain necessary minimum of what those readers know, yet still salvage his 1936 picture of the war.

For instance, some Communists were a wee small bit involved in the war, and fought not over there on the totalitarian side, but right in and amongst the Children of Light. No doubt, writes Matthews, but their record has been "blurred and smeared by the hysterical form that anti-Communism took after World War II," particularly during the horrors of McCarthyism. . . . They were "loyal to the Republican Government"; the 80 per cent Communist International Brigade was "the finest group of men I ever knew or ever hoped to know"; and, in any case, we must not talk as if "the Communists and the place of Communism in the world" had been the same in 1936-1939 as in 1946-1957. If it had been, how explain the fact that the Communists were our allies in World War II—that, indeed, the "war in Europe could not have been won without them"? There are, in a word, Communists—and Communists; and these were only 1936-1939 Communists.

Secondly, the Spanish Nationalists were not Fascists, so the war couldn't have been a war against fascism. Matthews handsomely concedes the first point ("the Loyalists were not . . . saving Spain from the sort of fascism represented by Germany and Italy," the Franco revolt was not ideological, but a "military *pronunciamento* in the good old Spanish style"), but denies the second! The Loyalists *were* the first people to fight fascism because—well, because there were Italian Fascist troops on Franco's side; and because—well, the Franco regime, against whose emergence they were fighting, has (as we all know and as the Loyalists presumably foresaw) *become* a "type of fascist government." (Yet 100 pages later, when Matthews is arguing a different point, Franco has ceased to be a fascist: "Generalissimo Francisco Franco is—to use a good new word—fasistoid.")

Finally, some of those Children of Light, those paladins of the "freedom of the individual, the rights and dignity of man," had, before the war, been going about burning churches. This one Matthews "fits in"—wisely—by indirection. The Church, one gathers, brought all that on itself: "The Spanish Church always supported feudalism, monarchism, centralism, authoritarianism, the aristocracy, wealth. . . . The dynamism of this vital, individualistic people has been damned [*sic*: and a not uninteresting Freudian slip] with the help of the Church. . . ." And "the hierarchy and clergy were fiercely pro-Franco." He warned us he's a biased man, didn't he?

We must keep an eye on this emphasis in his book, for example, on such a passage as the following: "In the early, desperate days in Madrid, when priests and nuns were being killed, [the famous woman-Communist leader] La Pasionaria spirited a number of nuns off to a house in Alcalá de Henares. . . . All human nature is complicated. . . ." He seems on the point of adding: Such humanity! Such gentleness! Such respect for the dignity and worth of the individual!

But he didn't add anything; he just played it straight—wrote, for this once, like one of those journalists, those "pitiful specimens," who are "free of bias or opinions or feelings." But I refuse to be disappointed. I never thought much of him anyhow.

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Roots of the Liberal Complacency

Today's Liberal seems supremely confident. But beneath his complacency lies moral and intellectual flabbiness

RICHARD M. WEAVER

That today's Liberal is marked by complacency will appear to some a paradoxical charge. Most Liberals may shrug it off as something which, in the nature of things, cannot be imputed to them. Does not the Liberal creed make criticism of any and all matters a cardinal point? Does it not invite the free competition of ideas in the market place? Has not the Liberal set up a kind of eternal restlessness of the mind as the only enlightened condition?

Until fairly recently one's answer to all of these might have been yes. But the question today is whether the Liberal has not succumbed to certain fallacies of unwarranted assumption, which is the father of complacency. It is not an unknown thing to have the very vices one is opposing slip up on one from the rear in some pleasant disguise. This the Liberal has done, it seems to me, by not being truly circumspect, and by giving in to certain weaknesses which may be in themselves neither liberal nor radical nor conservative, but are human. A fault cutting across all of these is graver than any a mere political *ism* can remove. This means, if true, that the Liberal is now beyond the ministrations of anything save logic and ethics.

To see this complacency, one has only to look at the present generation of academic Liberals. One marks the telltale signs of indifference, of arrogance, of pomposity in their attitudes and their literature. They are very confident of their rightness that nothing is permanently right. This does not keep them, however, from blandly making their dispositions on the theory that the conservative opposition has been permanently routed. Many of them would be surprised to learn that their attitude can be as maddening to the conservative who has found his conservatism the hard way as the incapacity of a Bourbon to learn anything once was to advocates of the rights of man.

The complacency of this new, and often well-heeled, Liberal is fed by a number of roots.

The Liberal has become, to all intents and purposes, a materialist. I do not pretend to use the term "materialism" here in a strict philosophical sense. I mean simply that the Liberal is now inclined to accept wholly the objectives of an efficient material civilization and to judge policies in their relation to the "standard of living." One sees his willingness to carry statism to any length whatever to universalize this standard of living. Writing a few years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Joseph S. Clark, Jr., graduate of Harvard *magna cum laude*, then Mayor of Philadelphia, and now United States Senator, offered this curious definition of the Liberal:

> To lay a ghost at the outset and dismiss semantics, a Liberal is here defined as one who believes in utilizing the full force of government for the advancement of social, political, and economic justice at the municipal, state, national, and international levels.

Nowhere else have I seen so naked a profession of new Liberalism, or one which shows better how far this has gone toward embracing the statism to which nineteenth-century Liberals were, in the name of liberty, most opposed. (The confusion at which Mr. Clark hints is not one of semantics, but one of historical about-face.) The last phrase of the definition leads of course to Point Four thinking, to the materialist illusion that envy, hatred, and violence can be removed from the globe by handouts, by "economic assistance," and by making the "underprivileged" nations of the world urban, industrialized, motorized, and sanitized in an equal degree with Detroit and Los Angeles.

A natural consequence of this is the Liberal's idealization of comfort. He shows a definite antagonism toward all strenuous ideals of life. The code of the warrior, of the priest, and even of the scholar, denying the self for transcendent ends, stands in the new lexicon as anti-Liberal. The working day of a Thomas Jefferson or a Theodore Roosevelt would actually be an affront to the Liberal code. "For they are moderate also even in virtue—because they want comfort," says Nietzsche in *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. He goes on to add that the noble man does not want anything from life gratuitously. But today popularity is substituted for greatness and conformity for heroism. The Liberal preaches an altruism that is sentimental, and he is therefore hostile to all demands that the individual be something more than his natural, indolent, ease-loving, and complacent self.

More damage has resulted from this materialism and its attendant attitudes than from anything else the Liberal has spread. In the first place, is falsifies reality for the masses by leaving out of account the world of ideas and telic concepts which are alone capable of giving to societies a lasting cohesion. In the second place, by setting up comfort as the highest good, it leaves shut up the greatest of all reservoirs of strength, the will to sacrifice for the advancement of some noble good. Thus by its unwarranted assumption it misleads on the one hand, and on the other it stultifies.

Quite likely the Liberal has been betrayed into this by his scientism. Scientism is itself an unwarranted assumption which lends a plausible kind of support to the attitudes described above. Since it is derived from certain propositions about the nature of the world, it requires a little introducing.

Science exists in the form of a set of methods. That the application of these methods has wrought transformations in the outward world is the most ubiquitous fact of our time.

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What is not so well understood, however, is the effect of this practical success upon the more general theory of reality and knowledge. Until rather recently it was generally held that subject matter is prior to method. But in the last few decades, this position has been reversed, and it is now being said, or assumed, that method is prior to subject matter. This comes from the premise that nothing which cannot be found by the scientific method is real, which is of course the position of modern positivism. What happened in the process of this shift was that methodology became the *ontological absolute*; things are real in proportion to their capacity for being discovered by the scientific method. Here is a complete victory for instrumentalism whereby, in effect, a methodology makes reality as it proceeds with the act of discovering. So John Dewey could argue that the instruments of inquiry not only inquire, they also determine what can be inquired into. In the old order of knowledge, this latter was a datum provided by God, or at least by the empirical fact of creation.

The effect of this on man's attitude toward the world can be nothing less than revolutionary, and in some quarters it has already been disastrous. For what it does is rule out the given, the contingent, the inscrutable—in sum, all that is greater than or independent of man. The ground for that humility which all the great ethical systems have inculcated is thereby withdrawn. Man, with his Method, leaps into the seat of the Creator, which, in the wisdom of poetry and religion, is the ultimate act of pride.

Hence it comes to be believed that there are no problems which cannot be solved by the methods of science because, in terms of the concept itself, such problems cannot exist. A problem to be conceived at all has to be conceived as something which this ontologically prior set of methods could solve. From this now widely held assumption comes the Liberal's complacent belief that all the situations produced by selfishness, ill will, and violence can be removed once science, with its omnicompetent methodology, gets around to them.

Nowhere has the effect of this belief been more manifest than in "progressive" education, which was the first practical victim of the heresy. There, as every observer of the movement knows, subject matter, representing the antecedently real, has been virtually retired in favor of methodology. The teacher is not a man who knows facts and ideas but a man trained in method. It is assumed that there is nothing which the method cannot do. When stubborn facts of the given world—such as inequalities of aptitude or the human tendency toward delinquency—stand in the way of the triumph of the method, they are either ignored or misleadingly reported. For these educational positivists there is no nature of man, but only some pliable stuff which can be kneaded into any desired shape by the principles of a materialist psychology.

The Liberals' Alogism

Despite the seeming sophistication of this theory, most Liberals today are not real intellectuals, and their lack of real intellectualism leaves them complacent where wiser men are alert and discerning. When one considers the extent to which they preponderate on college faculties and the extent to which they control the means of publishing ideas, this may appear an audacious statement. But a study of his literature will show that an alogism has turned the Liberal unavoidably down the road toward anti-intellectualism. By alogism I mean a rejection of logical rigor and a complacency in the face of contradiction.

One of the chief directives of Liberalism is to deny the existence of either-or choices. The Liberal insists on substituting the "both-and" choice, which keeps him from ever having to accept or reject flatly. This is why he ends up in the "middle of the road." A desire to squeeze in between two contradictories keeps the Liberal from seeing anything with clarity. At the same time, it leads to a breaking down of categories, so that in the final result he has nothing to think with. It leads to a politics of truces, compromises, and even sellouts. There is a difference between saying that there are no clear-cut principles of right and wrong and saying that a principle cannot always be applied with rigor in a world that is concrete and various. The latter is the policy of all men of sense and experience, but it is prudence, or what the Greeks called *sophrosyne*, not "liberalism."

It is the sentimentality of the new Liberal which leaves him incapable of accepting rigid exclusion. He does not like to think that God and the devil are irreconcilable. He thinks that with a little patient explaining and some of his famous tolerance, each could be brought to see some good in the other. In brief, he does not contemplate a right and a wrong.

This propensity to moral and intellectual flabbiness on the part of the Liberal leads to an inordinate fear of a certain type of man, of whom Taft and MacArthur are good examples. Such men reveal, by the very logic of their expression, that they think in terms of inclusion and exclusion. Their mentality rejects cant, snivelling, and double talk. When they speak, one knows that he is listening to a man, in the eulogistic sense in which Emerson and Thoreau used that word. There is, in fact, a great deal to be inferred from the almost hysterical reaction that the man of Plutarchan mold inspires in the Liberals. There must be present a hidden anxiety, born of a knowledge that they will be helpless when the leader of character and conviction comes along, as he must. Hence the voluminous outpouring, from supercilious dismissal to vituperation, whenever an individual of clear mind and strong personality appears on the scene and begins to gather strength. On these occasions, the Liberals' complacency is succeeded by, one might say, a fear for their complacency.

Despite these occasional disturbances of his peace, however, the Liberal feels most of the time that he is protected by an invincible dogma. I use "dogma" here in the etymological sense of "opinion." And the opinion is that today everyone must be a Liberal. This can be seen easily enough in the tone of the popular press, in the philosophy of Progress, and in the cult of scientism. But one finds it entrenched also in sources that are more decisive, in the sense that they furnish the reasoning behind the more popular expressions.

Here it appears in the form of a proposition that liberalism repre-

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sents a new level of the human consciousness which will never be given up. It is the hidden premise of numberless college textbooks. It is evident in the judicial philosophy of Oliver Wendell Holmes, with its repudiation of "fighting faiths" and its belief that truth is something relative to the demands of the market place. It becomes mandatory, consequently, to oppose all fixed truths and traditional formulations—indeed, all universals—and this on the principle that humanity has found absolutely that they won't work. Even so otherwise discerning a philosopher as Ortega has declared that today all men are Liberals in the sense of sharing this opinion.

One striking result of the dogma in our country today is the complacent assumption that both political parties must be "liberal." It used to be felt that one political party was enough to represent the point of view that is Liberalism; now some of our political leaders say by their acts, if not by their very words, that a party must be Liberal to deserve consideration by the electorate.

Hence the astonishing efforts in the last few years to transform the Republican Party, which in the main has stood for a conservative approach to economic and political questions, into a second "Liberal" party in plain emulation of the Democratic. It is this carbon-copy Liberalism of the "new Republican" leadership which has led candid observers to point out that the American people today do not have a real choice on the major issues confronting them. One alternative is being deliberately withheld. So the American voter is left with the opportunity of voting *"ja"* for Democratic Liberalism or *"ja"* for Republican Liberalism. The engineers of this maneuver are assuming that Liberalism, like the Constitution, is antecedent to citizenship; you do not vote for it or against it; you vote only after you have taken a pledge to accept it. This is tantamount to assuming that Liberalism is something no longer within the area of debate, but is rather a part of our organic law. Almost needless to say, recent Supreme Court decisions seem to reflect the assumption.

So successful have the Liberals been in establishing this dogma through education, publishing, and politics that people today are literally unable to understand the language of the conservative point of view. They can conceive neither the meaning of its terms nor the spirit of it. No one has expressed this better, or with more ominous suggestion, than George Santayana.

> Modern civilization has an immense momentum, not only physically irresistible but morally and socially dominant in the press, politics, and literature of the Liberal classes; yet the voice of a dispossessed and forlorn orthodoxy, prophesying evil, cannot be silenced, and what renders that voice the more disquieting is that it can no longer be understood. When the prophets or apologists of the modern world attempt to refute those vaticinations, they altogether miss fire, because of their incapacity to conceive what they attack; and even in the exposition of their own case they are terribly confused and divided.

These are faults of the mind and the moral consciousness.

And Then the Bureaucracy

Finally one has to recognize a massive circumstance which has played into the hands of the Liberals. This is the bureaucratization of American life. It is a fact of paramount significance that our contemporary world is dominated by three large, and in some ways comparable, bureaucracies. They are the bureaucracy of government, the bureaucracy of business, and the bureaucracy of education. It is also of paramount significance that these bureaucracies are fed by our educational institutions. This means that most of the members, and certainly nearly all of the upper bureaucrats, will have received the proper indoctrination before they reach their posts. The government bureaucrats will have been taught that the state is destined to grow larger and larger and to gather to itself more and more of the national income. The business managers will have been given a pap which tells them that business is for "service" and not for profit, that owners and managers are only "trustees" of the employees, and so on. And the educational bureaucrats will have been taught that the main concern of education is with democracy and that its immediate task is to speed the evolution of society into a collectivized state. With this formidable apparatus for inculcating and enforcing an orthodoxy, it is little wonder that the Liberals do act as an Establishment. This is why anyone who speaks up in the name of individualism and privacy, and the right of men to win distinction through the exercise of intelligence and energy is likely to find himself solitary and forlorn.

This is a practical circumstance supporting the Liberal complacency, but its effects are far-reaching. The Liberals now operate the training schools for the managerial classes. When it is realized how much the advocates of "progressive" education have been able to do by compulsorily routing all **future** public school teachers through their highly tendentious curricula, we will not overlook what the Liberals are able to do in their indoctrination centers, which today seem to include most departments in most universities. Here the young person is taught an attitude toward the state which is not Liberal, but servile. He is thereby prepared for the further bureaucratizing of life.

If Liberalism stemmed out of some deeply anchored and coherent philosophy, if it expressed some compelling vision of existence, we could not apply the term "complacency" to the attitude it has engendered. We might speak instead of conviction and tradition and find some satisfaction in the prevalence of settled views. But "conviction" is just the word one must never use in connection with the modern Liberal. His conviction is that there are no convictions—or that convictions are "prejudices"—his belief that there are no enduring beliefs, and his truth a pervasive skepticism. Even his "dogma" has root only in the circumstance that he is now ascendant.

It is this non-committal attitude toward all the positive issues of life that keeps Liberalism from rising to the dignity of a philosophy which might unify an epoch and provide ground for constructive creations. With its lack of attachment to anything except its own relativism and tentative success, it cannot manage, with all its thousand tongues, anything better than superficial and often contradictory observations about its own chaotic world.

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Special Report

Small Business: The Fifth Estate

SAM M. JONES

Twenty years ago a small businessman conceived an idea. It was an impossible idea, but it was born alive, by desperation out of determination. DeWitt M. Emery had been the owner of a letterhead company since 1911. He managed to survive the panic years of the early 1930s. Then the real troubles began: social security, unemployment insurance, increased taxes, higher costs, increased wages. The business was on its last legs and Mr. Emery was convinced that there was "a systematic and sustained campaign of hindrance and persecution of business originating in the White House."

Then the big idea came. He believed that if other independent men would join with him, it might be possible to form an association which would carry some weight in Washington. Labor, veterans, farmers, big business, in fact all segments of the economy—except small business—were powerful factors in national affairs. Mr. DeWitt wrote to 199 individuals operating businesses comparable in size to his own. All but 39 replied favorably. Such was the genesis of the National Small Business Men's Association (NSBMA).

The Association began with a few members, operating on a shoestring, from a hole-in-the-wall office in Akron, Ohio. Today it has thousands of members, representing every state; adequate financing; and its national headquarters is housed capaciously in one of Washington's largest office buildings.

Mr. Emery did not live to see all of his hopes attained. I doubt if he expected to. But he had the dream and he broke the trail. He proved that small business need not be an economic orphan and a political vagrant; that it was a sleeping giant, unconscious of its tremendous potential strength.

He saw the challenge to a free economy as not so much to the relatively few industrial giants, but to millions of small businesses to grow stronger and bigger. And most of all, a challenge to individuals to keep the seedbed of new enterprises well tended and growing. A challenge to the men and women who believe in free enterprise, and who have the initiative and leadership to try it for themselves—to be their own boss, to add to rather than take from the supply of jobs and productive output of our system.

The Fifth Estate

In the prelude to the tragedy of the French Revolution, a third estate came into being: the people. They did not do all things well but they broke the power of big government, destroyed the "divine right" of kings, became men instead of chattels. In the nineteenth century, a fourth estate—the press—was born. We take these things for granted, forgetting the "insuperable" difficulties that attended their attainment.

Twenty years ago "The Fifth Estate" was conceived and born. In the double decade since its arrival, this "Fifth Estate," small business, fighting uphill all the way, made significant contributions to America and the world, many of them intangible, or in progress, but something important has been added. Gains are apparent. The acorns are growing into oaks. There is a new vista, and despite the vicissitudes there is a new and realistic hope. In a mere score of years NSBMA has become a power in the land; its potential is tremendous.

NSBMA has created a new "climate" for the average American businessman. It has been instrumental, if not vital, in destroying the carefully cultivated propaganda that the "small" individuals who provide the great bulk of our production and services are sheep for the shearing or bovine incompetents who will stand still for the tax-milking plus any and all additional burdens and impositions. Or to put it another way, it was like taking candy from children, so long as each small businessman stood alone. It's a different story today. Big government, big labor, big industry have been compelled to realize that the still infant "small business" (in relative size) has come into its own. Not that there are "no more worlds to conquer," not that the balance of power has been achieved; but that the "Fifth Estate" is not a theory, nor a dream, but a living, breathing, powerful actuality, which has the ear of the President and the Congress, and which, through organization and publicity, may now effectively submit its case and the country's (for they are one) to the unofficial court that ranks above all others—the court of public opinion—the sovereign power of the people.

In addressing the recent convention in Washington, L. M. Evans, NSBMA President said:

"President Eisenhower's personal attributes are well known. It doesn't matter whether we agree with all that he believes in. Mr. Eisenhower's world-wide influence will be, if not terminated, at least materially diminished in 1960, because he cannot be re-elected under the law. In the meantime, the political personalities of both parties will be making their bid for the Presidency.

"They will make their bid to you. Small business can be the balance of power in the next Presidential election. If it is organized. Politicians see it very clearly. It is a mathematical fact; a numerical certainty. 'Working together,' without arrogance, without ambition except for the common weal, we have in our potential collective strength the leadership and the power to make our contributions to the heritage; to keep the flame alive.

"This is our privilege and our obligation. From small beginnings, we have become a power for good in the land."

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The Ordeal of Adam Clayton Powell

He aspired to lead his people out of Egypt. But he lost his way and his Leftist allies, and wound up in a political Slough of Despond

MAUREEN L. BUCKLEY

Few men in the United States are more dissatisfied than Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., Democrat from the State of New York. One wonders why. He lives in luxurious houses, in Westchester and Washington, drives a Nash Healy and a Jaguar, enjoys, with his wife, pianist Hazel Scott, an annual income of $115,000 (his: $40,000; hers: $75,000), and makes yearly pilgrimages to Salzburg for the music festival. As pastor to the Abyssinia Baptist Church for twenty-seven years, he continues to shepherd the largest Protestant church in the country. He has been re-elected to Congress six times. But Powell knows that man does not live by bread—or its refinements—alone. He lives by dreams.

During his junior year at Colgate University, Powell made the most crucial political decision of his career. 'It was two o'clock in the morning and I was at my desk studying. I remember that it was very still outside; the snow was falling. . . . Someone seemed to be speaking to me and that night I decided to become a minister." His roommate, a more prosaic sort, recalls that Adam's father had explained the advantages of inheriting his position at the Abyssinia Church. "He realized that it was all set up for him, and all he had to do was walk in and take over."

Nothwithstanding an unorthodox marital career, his church has stood by him. In 1933, the twenty-six year old pastor married an actress and divorcée, Isabel Washington; in 1944 he divorced her, charging that she had a suspicious nature—and married Hazel Scott. The elders made no objection.

His church was ever generous. A college friend recalls that "whenever we came in on a holiday, [Adam's] bed used to be loaded with gifts of all kinds from the parishioners." The gifts now take the form of political and financial support. Perhaps his sermons, delivered twice each Sunday to a combined audience of 4,000, account for the dogged loyalty. A *PM* reporter in 1941 described "a voice and manner and phrasings [that] get way down inside you and twist things around so that you haven't any power to think; you can only just feel and only feel the things he wants you to feel." He wanted them to feel that he is the man to lead his people out of Egypt.

Start in Harlem

Though Powell's staunchest political support comes from his congregation, the broad base of his power is the Negro. With wavy hair, Roman features and skin so fair that in college he was not known (having taken care not to let himself be known) as a Negro until he was visited by his family, Powell established himself as the symbol of the "new Negro." It was because his father foresaw the power that a concentration of race-conscious Negroes might wield that he moved the Abyssinia Baptist Church from its mid-Manhattan location to the heart of Harlem. He cautioned his son: "I built the church, it is up to you to interpret it."

The depression gave young Adam his chance. In his book, *Marching Blacks*, he describes the squalor and the strife of Harlem in the 1930s. "The time was ripe for someone," he wrote, "a new and dynamic leader . . . with mass common sense." Starting modestly as the administrator of a relief kitchen (supported by Wall Street financiers), Powell soon turned to polemicizing against the system's discrimination against the Negro. In 1937 he founded the Greater New York Coordinating Committee to boycott and picket stores and companies that refused to hire Negroes. Powell claims that within four years the Committee's work brought ten thousand jobs to Harlem, or an additional annual income of ten million dollars. These were the most useful years of Powell's life.

But by 1941 Adam Powell had grown restless. "Poor, hungry, evicted, dispossessed blacks had been marching with me for seven years," he writes, and the time had come for them to launch Powell into politics. The Abyssinia Baptist Church, the American Labor Party and the Communist Party agreed. The church ran his campaign for the City Council, the ALP and the CP gave him their votes; and Powell was elected.

Communists and pro-Communists proved to be Powell's most conspicuous associates in progressivism. In his capacity as co-chairman or co-speaker with Ferdinand Smith, Max Yergan, Paul Robeson and others on this committee or that program, he virtually commuted back and forth from Madison Square Garden. In 1944 he shared top billing with Earl Browder and William Z. Foster at a giant Party rally. The *Daily Worker*, the *New Masses* and the entire fold praised him continually and ardently supported his candidacies. Powell joyously and gratefully listed, in his campaign literature, his membership in such renowned Communist fronts as the National Negro Congress, the Council of American Soviet Friendship, the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties.

Powell's alliance of convenience with the Comunist Party was regularized shortly after February 1942, when he founded the *People's Voice*, a weekly tabloid of which he was co-publisher and editor-in-chief. Although in six weeks the paper claimed 200,000 readers, it soon ran into serious financial trouble. Dr. Max Yergan, then a staunch party-liner, and Ferdinand Smith, Communist leader of the National Maritime Union, paid off

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the paper's debts—in return for 51 per cent of the stock.

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., continued to be editor-in-chief until 1946. He incautiously makes a point of saying that he retained full editorial control throughout that time. If so, he is responsible for pressing such piquant political positions as that after 1945 the Communists would play "an even more vital role than before in unifying progressive white and Negro Americans in the struggle against their common oppressors"; and that—endorsing a statement by W. E. B. DuBois—"Never before [has] . . . a suppressed mass of poor, working people—people as ignorant, poor, superstitious and cowed as my own American Negroes—[been] so lifted in hope and starry-eyed with new determination as the peasants and workers of Russia."

The *People's Voice* found "no difference" between Hitler and Dies; between "the so-called Railroad Brotherhood . . . [and] Hitler's Black Shirt Bullies." It did its alliterative best for Olin Johnson of South Carolina: "This feudal, festered, fascist stumblebum dares to mouth defiance in the face of onrushing freemen."

The Party Line

Powell wrote a signed column in *PV* called "The Soapbox." (When, early in 1945, he went to Washington, the metaphor met with calamitous difficulties, but settled down to "The Soapbox: From the Congressman's desk.") In "The Soapbox" Powell identified the *New York Times* as Sulzberger's "journal of first-class Negro baiters," and Scripps-Howard's Fred Woltman as "1944's Judas of the year." When Martin Dies summoned Mary McLeod Bethune (another regular *PV* columnist) before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the Reverend Mr. Powell wrote:

> The sooner [Dies] is buried the better. He is one of the few people in history whose body has begun to stink before it died. . . . There is only one place fit for him to live and that's Hitler's outhouse. . . . WE DEMAND THAT . . . THE PRESIDENT HAVE HIM ARRESTED IMMEDIATELY AS AN ENEMY AGENT. . . . The death of Dies is just as important as the death of Hitler.

"The Soapbox" had its heroes as well as its villains. "This week," Powell wrote, "I congratulate the

fighting people's paper, the *Daily Worker*, on the achievement of its twentieth year of a consistent battle for mankind's rights." Paul Robeson was "the proof that the West has come of age in politics, art and social vision." "Hail warrior, artist, servant . . . Prophet of the New Day," sang Powell.

It was not until February 1947 that Powell abandoned *PV*. Powell, the paper reported, branded as "absolutely a lie" and a "vicious piece of red-baiting" the story attributed by the *New York Sun* to his secretary—that Powell had resigned because *PV* was "loaded with pro-Moscow Party members." Doxie Wilkerson, who had been executive editor for several years, and was a member of the national committee of the Communist Party, succeeded Powell as editor.

Curiously, Powell's alliance with the Party did not disturb his church—which contributed $10,000 to his 1944 congressional campaign. Perhaps the congregation took his word for it that the Soviet Union had renounced violence, that its position on religion was "healthy," that, in contradistinction to the United States, it accepted "the practices (rather than the doctrines) of Christianity—especially brotherhood." Shortly after the war he told the students of Middlebury College that religion was in for a new reformation . . . [whose] coming would be hastened by basically non-religious forces," for "orthodox religion [had] aligned itself with the Western World [which was] on the way out."

Steeped in the hero-worship of his parishioners, Powell resents rival Negro leaders. In 1943 he wrote that "powerful agencies" had tried to bribe his friends to stop him from running for Congress. On the editorial page of *PV* he called his opponent "an ambitious striver who is willing to play ball with the main big-business enemies of the Negro people," and later congratulated himself for refusing to reply in kind to "the intensive campaigns of character assassination and confusion waged against both Powell and Marcantonio by all the Deweyites, Roosevelt-haters and pro-fascists." In 1952 he accused William Dawson, the Negro Congressman from Chicago, of "selling out," because he endorsed the Stevenson-Sparkman ticket. "I am not saying that any money had to pass to Dawson," he added magnanimously, "for there always have been men who for a clap on the back are willing to sell their people down the river."

Adam Clayton Powell's championing of the Negro cause has led him to a strange racist extremism. A Negro, he feels, must suppress all personal characteristics that tend to distract him from his principal duty which is, simply, to be a Negro. Last June he told an audience at Morehouse College that Negroes must "walk together, work together, vote together, resist together [and] organize together." No issue is so complex that Powell cannot explain it in racial terms. Why did the United States enter World War Two? Well, as long as the war concerned "yellow against yellow, white against black and white against white" the United States stayed out. "Pearl Harbor, however, was yellow against white and the war came immediately with the race baiters roaring their approval." In 1946 he pronounced in the *Congressional Record* his fixed conclusion that "the best thing that could happen would be the passing of . . . the white man's world [which] has stood for nationalism, racism, militarism, oppression and barbarism."

Switch to Eisenhower

Powell's congressional record has been a mixture of party-lining on issues of foreign policy, rearmament, and internal security, socialism in domestic affairs, and extreme—almost violent—assertion of minority rights. He has been a conspicuous personal flop in Congress. The flam-

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boyant oratory that moves his public audiences to delirium grates on the sensibilities of his colleagues as the cries of a madman; e.g.—on the Taft-Hartley Bill—"This bill has been called a bill of rights for labor. . . . [It] is a bill of rights and lefts under the belt for labor, not only under the belt but in the back, in good old foreign fascist style." Or, on the plight of Negroes during the Depression: "When the Depression came, blacks got blue in the face trying to stay out of the red."

On the first Sunday in October 1956, the Reverend Mr. Powell asked his congregation how he "as a Negro [could] campaign for Stevenson or Eisenhower when both parties take Negro money and send it to Mississippi and other states to build separate schools?" Four days later he saw President Eisenhower at the White House—and startled the country by agreeing to campaign for him. "In some mysterious way," he told the patient parish, "the President of the United States changed his mind in five days."

Powell at first claimed that Eisenhower had promised him he would push controversial civil rights legislation through Congress. Press Secretary Hagerty refused to confirm the story. Cornered, Powell tried to bluster through: Negroes who remained faithful to Stevenson became "traitors to their race"; Stevenson was "a slave" to "America's fifth column of native fascists"; he was guilty of "Communist type suppression of freedom of speech."

"Mr. Powell has announced where he now stands," the *New York Post* said; "the intriguing mystery is how he got there." Drew Pearson thinks he has the answer. Powell, he wrote, switched to Eisenhower in return for a) $150,000; b) control over eleven patronage appointments; c) the release of Hattie Dodson, staff member serving a term for tax evasion (Mrs. Dodson was paroled shortly after the switch, having served a third of her term.) Pearson further suggested that "The Justice Department which was investigating Rep. Adam Clayton Powell's income tax returns . . . is now debating whether to go ahead with the investigation."

Notwithstanding the fact that Drew Pearson has said so, it is true that Powell is in trouble. He and his staff were given a bad time, in 1956, by agencies of the law. Three of Powell's employees were indicted for tax evasion; a fourth, the treasurer of his church's Federal Credit Union, was charged with embezzlement. In the three tax evasion cases, Powell's associates were caught as the result of inquiries into Powell's finances.

Some Embarrassing Questions

During an investigation of the Federal Housing Authority by a Senate committee, the government learned that a housing contractor, David Kent, had asked Powell to help him sell cooperative apartments in an interracial housing project. Powell encouraged two employees, Acy Lennon and William Hampton, to take on the job. Several months later, in September 1952, Powell borrowed $3000 from Kent at one per cent interest, and gave Kent an IOU payable on demand after six months. Twenty-one months later, just before Eisenhower announced that the FHA would be investigated, Powell says he gave Kent a check for $30—covering one year's interest. Five months later the check had not been cashed.

Why, the Committee wanted to know, did Kent allow almost two years to go by without asking payment? "I am not," Kent answered testily, "in the business of making loans to friends . . . In fact," he added grandly, "when Congressman Powell comes to me and pays me this $3000, I intend to return this check to him."

In the spring of 1956, Powell's secretary, Mrs. Hattie Dodson, was tried for income tax evasion. At the trial, testimony was heard to the effect that Powell had accepted kickbacks from Mrs. Dodson. It never was made clear just what did happen to the money paid to Mrs. Dodson as a member of Powell's congressional staff, but it was even less clear why she was paid anything to begin with. For years, Mrs. Dodson had been a paid employee of the Abyssinia Baptist Church, as had her husband. A year or so ago, the government discovered that she was filing two income tax returns: one with her husband covering both their church salaries; one in her maiden name covering her government salary.

Asked to explain why he had listed Mrs. Dodson among his congressional employees as "Miss Freeman," when she had married Dodson in December 1945, Powell floundered about. Mrs. Dodson was asked to outline her duties as congressional assistant to Powell. She could not remember. Well, how had Mrs. Dodson disposed of the $5000 a year she got as congressional secretary? At first she testified to having spent every penny; later she was reminded that she had put a total of $9,000 in a safe deposit box—as a surprise for her husband (who could hardly help but be surprised, since, it developed, she had never mentioned her "other" job to him).

Joseph E. Ford, a long-time associate of Mrs. Dodson's, swore in court that she had told him where the money went: she returned it to Powell. Powell replied in his fashion: "Mr. Ford," he said in subdued tones, "is a man who cannot be trusted, who indulges in sharp practices." From 1941 until 1951, when they had a falling out, Ford had managed Powell's campaigns and had operated a tax service in the community hall of the church. Powell implied that Ford's testimony was rooted in personal vindictiveness. It developed, however, that the U.S. Treasury Department had had word long before her trial that Mrs. Dodson regularly kicked back her salary to Powell. Its informant was not Mr. Ford.

Deflation

All the world—it sometimes seems—is conspiring against the serenity of Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. His early successes came so easily and so quickly that he expected to go much farther, certainly within and more lately beyond, the House of Representatives. Before he had been in office a year he had published a book urging five million Negroes to migrate from the South to areas where they might make themselves felt politically. And Powell, of course, felt an afflatus; surely he was himself destined to be their national spokesman. When the Negroes failed, unaccountably, to do his bidding, and Congress to respond to his charm, Powell decided to concentrate on the New York area. In 1953 he let it be known that if the people wanted him, he would run for mayor, or for

(*Continued on p.* 555)

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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

McCarthy's Unforfeited Word

The peculiar horror of this Presidentiad of Eisenhower, this Era of Moderation, is that beliefs, principles, ideas, losing their sharpness of definition, are eaten away from the edges until they lose their very identity. Everything merges into one dull blur. One idea is as good as another; anything can be compromised; all that really matters is keeping prosperity booming and making sure you don't get killed.

A state of consciousness is being created like that of the lotus-eaters upon whom Odysseus came. This drugged and stupefied mind of the Era of Moderation is as unaware of political reality as it is of spiritual reality. It cannot grasp as real the looming threat of dehumanization that proceeds from the iron tyranny of Soviet Communism or from the soft blandishments of the Welfare State and World Government, any more than it can perceive the self-destruction of soul implicit in a studied refusal to make differentiations between good and evil.

To recall such minds to reality, no analysis, no argument, however capable and powerful, is by itself enough. The judicious, dispassionate advocate will be heard out, lightly or gravely; but his words will be insulated with cotton wool, their impact absorbed and cushioned in the all-embracing dispassionateness of Moderation. Nothing can break into the drugged dream of Moderation and Prosperity, nothing can force the attention back to truth and reality, unless it does so rudely, with intensity, with the clamor of the alarm bell.

It is for this reason that the Era of Moderation could be fairly launched only after the censure and destruction of McCarthy. So long as there was a voice so powerful, so penetrating—if you wish, so strident—insisting that the contemporary world presented an absolute choice between good and evil and that men were responsible for the decisions they made before that choice, the anesthesia could be only imperfectly administered. It was not possible, for example, entirely to forget the very existence of hundreds of Americans in Chinese Communist torture camps.

No Challenge to Complacency

It is certain that the Hungarian rising could not have passed by with so smug an acceptance of the rightness and fitness of betrayal, had the atmosphere been that of the days when "McCarthyism" was riding high. It is most unlikely that Eisenhower and Dulles could then have succeeded in establishing as the national tone their "Nice of you to give your lives; but of course you couldn't expect *us* to do anything about it. We have to think about the danger of getting killed."

The strength of the Establishment being what it is, the immediate results might have been the same; but the Establishment would have had to fight hard for what it wanted; and, in fighting, the soft web of complacency, upon which it relies so heavily, would have been rent again and again. It is here—not in the policies and the decisions that he might or might not have affected—it is in the lack of substantial challenge to the reign of complacent self-approving compromise with evil, that Joe McCarthy has been missed since he was destroyed by the Senate, acting as executioner for all the *bien-pensants*.

What Joe McCarthy was, is not to be measured by direct political effects. Nor can it be judged by weighing in the balance the niceness of his discriminations or the tactical acuity of his actions. What he was can only be understood integrally in relation to the great commitment for which he lived and by which he died: to bear witness simply, uncomplicatedly, to the scandalous truth that some things are good and other things are evil; and that when evil is in the ascendent, then especially, no man can escape the moral responsibility of standing against it.

"He Was a Prophet"

His was not a common role. It comes to few men to play it—sometimes to a poet, sometimes to a politician, sometimes to someone of no particular position in society. Joe McCarthy, Senator from Wisconsin, is a very different man from Hilaire Belloc, historian, poet, polemicist. But the panegyric Monsignor Ronald Knox preached for Belloc in Westminister Cathedral in 1953 might stand in its large meaning as fitting obituary for Joe McCarthy, who bore witness against the denial of truth that is called moderation, and died for it:

> He was a prophet. . . . I mean he was such a man as saw what he took to be the evils of our time in a clear light, and with a steady hatred; that he found, or thought he had found, a common root in them, and traced them back, with that light God gave him, to their origins in history. . . .
>
> Does the prophet do good? No such promise is made when he sets out with his message. His task is to deliver that message to the men of his time, whether they hear or refuse him a hearing. It may be, the stark language he talks to them, the unconventional gestures by which he tries to thrust it home, will produce a reaction, and wed them all the more firmly to their old ways of thought . . . the influence of a prophet is not to be measured by its impact on a single mind here and there; it exercises a kind of hydraulic pressure on the thought of his age . . .
>
> He was a prophet; men thought him a fanatic, and he has written his own epitaph, I think, in a poem of that name. A fanatic, he says, is one who keeps his word—not merely this or that casual promise, but
>
> That great word which every man
> Gave God before his life began:
> It was a sacred word, he said,
> Which comforted the pathless dead,
> And made God smile when it was shown
> Unforfeited before the Throne;
>
> an undertaking (that, surely, is the sense) that he will be true to himself, that he will carry out faithfully the mission God gave him to perform, that he will challenge the men of his age with his own characteristic protest.

Was this not Joe McCarthy?

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The 'Voice' on Mahomet

ELGIN GROSECLOSE

Professor Charles A. Beard in *The Republic* quotes Justice Joseph Story as saying that the welfare clause of the Constitution, broad as it is, would hardly embrace such objects as "for instance, propagating Mahometanism among the Turks."

The officials of the Voice of America evidently have read neither Beard nor Story. For some time the Christian missionaries of the Middle East have been protesting the Moslem propaganda activities of the VOA as improper, unauthorized, hypocritical and politically inept and futile.

So far, the protests have gone unheeded, and the authorities take the view that the missionaries must be misinformed about what they are hearing. In 1952, for instance, the Voice began broadcasting during the Moslem Lent a series of sermons recorded by leading Moslem ecclesiastics of the Middle East, most of whom had never been in America. When this proceeding was protested, the religious consultant of the Voice gave as excuse that the Voice strove "to present a balanced picture of religious life *in America.*" (Italics supplied.)

A more recent protest arose over the publication of a eulogy of Mohammed by the Persian language edition of the *Voice of America Bulletin.* The occasion was the birthday of the prophet; and the Persian version purportedly quoted a well-known American divine as saying:

> If we bear in mind that all the great religions of the world essentially encourage people to the worship of God and to good works, and that every individual person of the human race sees the truth only from his limited viewpoint, we discover how much better it is that truth should shine forth from different shrines and become the lamps of the paths of God's humanity. On this account we have spiritual delight in seeing the beautiful mosque in the city of Washington and rejoice in looking on that great and splendid building.

The publication of this eulogy led the secretary of the American Christian Mission in Iran to write a letter of protest which stated in part:

> For some time many of the members of our Mission have been disturbed by the broadcasts and publications of the Voice of America that increasingly tend to glorify Islam. This line seems to us objectionable in every way. It is morally hypocritical, religiously a denial of our faith and politically amateurish and injurious.
>
> No honest Christian [the letter went on to say] can rejoice in the spread of a faith that denies that Christ is the Son of God, denies that He was crucified, denies the Atonement and the Resurrection. . . . Religiously the syncretism that believes the Light of Christ is not sufficient and we need light from the shrine of Mohammed, whatever it is, is not Christian. . . . And politically it is crude and amateurish. The Moslem respects a man who stands up for what he believes and is not ashamed of his faith. . . . They have been persuaded by the Communists and Nasser that all the western powers are imperialists out to capture the Near East, and this is just proof to them to what length, or I should say to what depths, the western powers will stoop in order to deceive people and put across their programs.[1]

This protest was transmitted to the Director of the United States Information Agency, Mr. Arthur Larson. His response was a copy of the English script and a letter stating that "we have carefully reviewed the English script," by which presumably he meant that it had received official approval. Examination of the script showed the following sentence:

> As Islam and Christianity live side by side in the modern world, all Christians are helped by the witness of Islam in their own efforts to avoid the very temptations which Mohammed rejected so clearly and so vigorously centuries ago. We are not so rich in spiritual resources that we can afford to neglect any. Therefore we learn from Mohammed as fully as we can and consequently rejoice in the remembrance of his birth one thousand three hundred eighty-five years ago.

In the Middle East, where Christian minorities are a prominent element of the population, the statement that "Islam and Christianity live side by side" has a concrete connotation; to broadcast such a statement from this continent, where not more than a hundred thousand Moslems live among a total population in excess of 200 million, is to give an incorrect notion of the facts. The same characterization applies to the reference to learning "from Mohammed," whose teachings, it can be asserted, are not to be found in any standard school text.

The revealing thing about Mr. Larson's letter was this statement:

"We have checked the Persian language broadcast . . . our official translation is different from yours and follows the enclosed script *faithfully.*"

In other words, Mr. Larson challenged either the veracity or the competence of the charges against the article. This was serious enough, since their author is a man who has spent over thirty years in Christian missionary work in Iran and for many years has been chairman of the Persian Literature Committee of the mission. When the Director's charges were referred to him he forwarded the *original article* and asked that it be translated by an independent scholar. Examination of the Persian text and the English script from which it was purportedly taken reveals sentences and phrases not in the English, distortions in the rendering of other portions, and omissions of sentences and phrases that appeared in the English.

As an example, the following statement appears in the English script: "Note of this day and its significance is not limited to the Moslem world." This has been rendered into Persian as follows: "The importance of this historic day and this great religious celebration is such that not only do the Moslems of the world keep the feast, but all worshippers of God and all the pious and all who are devoted to eternal and everlasting truth consider the day precious."

All this raises the question: who actually runs the Voice of America and who knows just what is happening in its operations?

[1] John R. Elder to the writer, November 24, 1956

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

A Professor of Genius

"Professor," by definition, means a person who publicly declares his beliefs. Some gentlemen I know have been so rude as to suggest that nowadays, however, a professor is a person who publicly declares his unbeliefs. I propose here to say something about a professor of the old sort, Donald Davidson, long professor of English literature at Vanderbilt University.

Not long ago I was invited to write for the *American Scholar* a paragraph or two about the book of the past two decades which I considered most unjustly neglected. My choice was Mr. Davidson's *The Attack on Leviathan,* of which less than a thousand copies were sold, I believe, before the plates were destroyed and the rest of the edition pulped. *The Attack on Leviathan* is the chief political work of the Southern Agrarians, a book written with a high disdain of nearly the whole tendency of things in this country since 1865. I hope that some day this denunciation of political and cultural centralization will find its way into the paperbacks.

Politics, however, I never tire of repeating, is the preoccupation of the quarter-educated. (And I must confess to being a professor of politics.) That is, politics ranks low in order of precedence of the works of the mind, if one refers simply to defecated political theory and practice, cut off from revelation and right reason and imagination. Professor Davidson never has divorced politics from imaginative literature or religion or tradition. He knows that the greatest works of politics are poetic. Himself one of the major poets of this century, he describes "poetry as tradition" in the opening essay of his new volume of selected essays, *Still Rebel, Still Yankee* (Louisiana State University Press, $4.50). He is a most eloquent man, so I content myself simply with quoting him:

> The dissociation of the poet from society, already in definite prospect in the sixteenth century, has become more painfully apparent as society has accepted the dominance of science and consequently has become indisposed to accept poetry as truth. . . . In this phase of operations the poet may well become an outright traditionalist in religion, politics, and economics. He examines the defects of modern civilization. He develops a sense of catastrophe. With an insight far more accurate than the forecasts of professional social philosophers, he begins to plot the lines of stress and strain along which disaster will erupt. He predicts the ruin of modern secularized society and makes offers of salvation. These are unheard of or unheeded. Then upon the deaf ears and faceless bodies of modern society he invokes the poet's curse.

From his ringing volume of verse, *The Tall Men,* down to these collected essays, Mr. Davidson has displayed that poetic insight which he suggests above. He is wonderfully versatile: a writer of librettos, a collector of folk ballads, an historian (his two volumes on *The Tennessee,* in the Rivers of America series, are models of historical style and descriptive power), a gifted lecturer, even a leader in practical politics. But through all this he is a poet, and by virtue of being a poet a great critic of politics, as were Plato and Dante and Newman.

At Vanderbilt, he is the champion of humane studies against the vocationalism and specialization of our age. Once I walked with him on the campus at Vanderbilt, and he told me of how most of the trees there had been chopped down, in the past few years, to make room for parking lots. This was bad enough: but, as if to make his indignation perfect, parking meters had been installed, in grim rows, on all the lots. Donald Davidson is one of the unmachined, still carrying on the fight against the triumph of technology.

And he is a redoubtable champion of what, without equivocation, he calls the "old regime." Take this passage from one of his essays in *Still Rebel, Still Yankee,* "Futurism and Archaism in Toynbee and Hardy":

> "You cannot turn the clock back!" is the commonest taunt of our day. It always emerges as the clinching argument that any modernist offers to any traditionalist when the question is: "What shall we do *now*?" But it is not really an argument. It is a taunt intended to discredit the traditionalist by stigmatizing him as a traitor to an idea of progress that is assumed as entirely valid and as generally accepted. The aim is, furthermore, to poison the traditionalist's own mind and disturb his self-confidence by the insinuation that he is a laggard in the world's great procession. His faith in an established good is made to seem nostalgic devotion to a mere phantom of the buried past. His opposition to the new—no matter how ill-advised, inartistic, destructive, or immoral that new may be—is defined as a quixotic defiance of the Inevitable. To use a term invented by Arnold J. Toynbee, he is an Archaist. By definition, he is therefore doomed.

Professor Davidson, you will perceive, is a professor who, as they say, is in the know. His knowledge of men and society is acquired from time spent among flesh-and-blood folk. In a most gentlemanly dissection of the late Dixon Wecter's *The Hero in America,* Mr. Davidson touches on the superstitions of the positivists who think they have exploded myth:

> In the case of Lee, as elsewhere, Mr. Wecter cites "myths" to illustrate the nature of the crowd's irrational "worship," but turns generally to "facts" in order to frame his own sober judgment of the hero's place and worth. He does not perceive, apparently, that "facts" can be used to rationalize a myth, no less than to explode it. . . . One who reads his list of ackowledgements and finds the names of Thomas J. Wertenbaker, Carl Van Doren, Carl Sandburg, Ernest K. Lindley, H. L. Mencken, Howard Mumford Jones, and various others of that ilk, is entitled to wonder whether Mr. Wecter never knew that he was consulting some of the greatest partisans and slickest myth-makers of our day.

Yes, Mr. Davidson is in the know; and he is quite fearless. It was for teachers and scholars like Professor Donald Davidson that the privileges of academic freedom were intended; and it is gentlemen like Mr. Davidson whose existence justifies the perpetuation of that freedom, despite all the efforts of the sophists within the Academy to bring down the roof on Mr. Davidson's head and their own.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Whose Adam Smith?

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Though Thomas Carlyle contemptuously dismissed economics as the "dismal science," he always had a soft spot in his cranky heart for Adam Smith. "I consider Smith's *Wealth of Nations* to be still the best, as well as the pleasantest of all the books," he said in his one known favorable reference to an economist. And, in truth, Adam Smith, an eager, absent-minded and eternally inquisitive man, did have great charm, as Dr. C. R. Fay's *Adam Smith and the Scotland of His Day* (Cambridge University Press, $4.75) attests. This book, which projects the founder of modern political economy against the backdrop of eighteenth-century Glasgow and Edinburgh (to say nothing of London and Paris), reminds us of many things, chief of which is that most people who quote Smith today (whether to praise him or to deride him) do not really have very much idea of what he actually had to say.

The big thing which comes through in Dr. Fay's genial pages is that Smith regarded political economy as something which existed as part of a moral order. Quite early in life, when he was a student at the University of Glasgow, he came under the spell of Francis Hutcheson, the popular professor of Moral Philosophy. Hutcheson taught something about economics, but it was in the setting of a philosophy which embraced esthetics and the mission of "making 'moral sense' indigenous to Scotland." Smith himself, when he first came to deal with economics as a branch of "jurisprudence" in his own lecture courses on Moral Philosophy, bracketed it with a number of "police" functions. It was the duty of the police, he explained, to give the citizens of a town or nation the advantages of "cleanliness, safety and cheapness or plenty."

Seeking for the "natural order" of things in the sound old eighteenth-century way, Smith soon reached the conclusion that the "police" could best help a nation to "plenty" by leaving farmers, merchants and manufacturers alone. But, with his Scottish sense of morality, he never relinquished his feeling that businessmen ought to behave in a seemly way. This feeling is the source of the sarcastic digs at the monopolist with which *The Wealth of Nations* is peppered. Smith's famous statement that "masters are always and everywhere in a sort of tacit, but constant and uniform combination, not to raise the wages of labor above their actual rate" has been taken by the Left to justify almost any sort of State interference or coercive union tactics directed at hobbling the power of the "boss." But, to judge from what Dr. Fay has to say, Smith put his trust in "kirk and school" to uphold morality in a commercial society, forcing businessmen and labor leaders alike to consult their consciences on all seven days of the week. In any event, Smith trusted to the "continual increase" of "revenue and stock" in any progressive industrial nation to augment the demand for labor, thus preventing a "tacit" combination of masters from sweating anybody.

In the light of Smith's hopeful analyses and his trust in the "natural justice" of the moral order, the effort of Max Lerner and other Leftist commentators to make the man over into a narrow partisan of labor in the "class war" must seem as silly as the effort to quote *The Wealth of Nations* in justification of a rapacious "social Darwinism." But there is a sense in which Smith can be acclaimed a "man of the Left," although he would have been appalled to see whither his statements tended. His confusing words about labor as providing the "real measure" of exchange value set the stage for Marx, who took off from the Smith definition of value to proclaim the "law" that labor is entitled to the "full product" of industry. Again, Smith's statement that "equal quantities of labor remain of equal value" set the stage for Robert Owen's notion that money ought to be issued in the form of "labor certificates, a "funny money" idea which has had its revivals. The Smith idea that profits are something that are added into price, not something that are cut out of cost by adding to a productivity which also permits wage increases, led to the Ricardian notion that wages and profits are always in conflict—which again played directly into the hands of the Marxists by providing them with "evidence" of an "inexorable" class struggle. Finally, Smith could be displayed as a Statist of sorts; he offered no particular objection to the idea that the rate of interest should be held to five or six per cent by law, and there are other things which he would have permitted governments to do in spite of his trust in "natural liberty."

Dr. Fay does not intervene in the quarrel of Marxists and free enterprisers over Smith's dead bones. He does, however, add fuel to the fires of the Single Taxers by quoting Smith at length on the subject of landlords. "Great and ancient families have seldom either stock or inclination to improve their estates," Smith wrote on one occasion. On another, he said: "Landlords love to reap where they never sowed."

The answer to all this is not to deny that Smith said what he most definitely did say about value and profits and the landlord. The answer

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is that Smith lived before the impact of technology made it possible for economists to see what really constitutes value and profits and the justification for rent in an advanced industrial society.

Today new values are created by superseding old values, and "equal quantities of labor" have nothing to do with the case. The Austrian economists saw this abstractly before Americans proved it out in practice. Anyway, what is the "quantity" of labor that goes into the hundred thousandth car off an assembly line? Is the fact that production can be pushed with constantly accelerating profits to that notch due primarily to "labor," or to the quality of the dies, or to the ingenuity of the production line planners, or to the willingness of investors to pay for high-grade automation equipment? There is no objective way of measuring just who put what percentage of "value" into an automobile that comes off a long line of production after many months of planning and many months of stimulating the market to the point where it really hungers for the latest thing in car design. As for profits in mass production, they represent savings on cost at volume operation far past a "break-even point," and they are distinctly not something "added into price." As for modern rents, they are not onerous, for the demand for labor exceeds the demand for land. Ask any farmer who has acres to spare for the Soil Bank.

There were no such things as volume production, no break-even points, no "productivity bonuses" willingly dispensed by profit-makers, no overwhelming agricultural surpluses, in the Scotland of Adam Smith's day. What Dr. Fay has done, then, is to show negatively why Smith is not to be quoted for partisan purposes by either the Left or the Right. It is enough that Smith believed in freedom within the scope of voluntary morality, and we shouldn't ask for more than that.

The Novelty of Truth

The King of a Rainy Country, by Brigid Brophy. 243 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25

Ten years ago, Mr. Knopf published an extraordinary book by Peggy Bennett called *The Varmints.* Not since then has he, to my knowledge, done anything more enterprising for his readers than he now has by importing this quietly radiant second novel by Brigid Brophy from England; moreover, by presenting it in its original edition (without benefit of the hard covers which would only have added two dollars more to the price). Perhaps the "paper-backed revolution" in America has entered a new phase, which will give us not only reprints of classics, but the initial editions of good young writers at an encouraging price.

The hero of *The King of a Rainy Country* is a young fellow named Neale. He is gentle, charming, intelligent, unusually honest, but emotionally uncrystallized. He suffers from a situation—if that's the word—which is not at all recent, but which novels have mostly overlooked: that a man's sexual virginity is not always so easily exchanged for sexual authority as is commonly presumed. Neale is not psychotic, nor perverted, nor even stunted. He is simply a human male whose identity has not yet been established.

An equally sensitive girl, in more or less the same predicament, falls in love with him, or thinks she has; and because she so explicitly needs him, he allows her to share his apartment, at the same time making it clear that he is not able to have any other relation with her. Instead, with a tender, lightly reverent candor, he invites her to help him be honest, and to confront and resolve their problems together. How they manage this, with neither mutual abuse nor the burden of a psychiatrist, is Miss Brophy's story. It is fresh, surprising, persuasive, and written in some of the most supple prose that has come out of England since the death of Virginia Woolf.

Since Pound, Joyce, Stein, *et al.*, we have become accustomed to looking for a book's originality in its mere novelty of technique. I wonder if now, after half a century of verbal invention for its own sake (which looks more and more old-fashioned as we get farther away from it), we are maybe going to see the reverse: writing whose originality will lie in its insight, its knowledge, its truth, rather than its artifice. I remember a plea, ten years ago, by Glenway Wescott for a literature of "naked truth about man's nature in unmistakable English." Brigid Brophy is only one of a number of younger writers—James Baldwin , Eric Jourdan in France, Rayner Heppenstall, even the too-long dormant Mr. Wescott himself—who may very soon show us that it was a prognostication.

ROBERT PHELPS

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Better than Gleason

Day of Infamy, by Walter Lord. 243 pp. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.95

Day of Infamy is not quite as exciting as an Erle Stanley Gardner mystery, and somewhat less profound. It displays a prodigious amount of leg work; but it tells the reader no more about the historical causes of Pearl Harbor than he could learn from constant reading of Drew Pearson's column.

Mr. Lord's 500-plus interviews with Aviation Machinists Mates, Technical Sergeants, and mere civilians, do present a vivid picture of how frightful it can be to get clobbered by an enemy who knows what he is doing while your own command does not. The Machinists' Mates show up better than do the Admirals or the Generals. But a candid ten-minute interview with Gen. George C. Marshall would have been more revealing by far than all those here presented. (After all,

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the Technical Sergeants all remember exactly what happened, while Gen. Marshall has told Senate committees that he refuses to remember a thing about the Day.)

However, Mr. Lord does make a good case concerning the outrageous complaceny that existed in command circles in Hawaii. True, Washington did not tell them the whole story; but with the warning that war was "imminent," they certainly should have cancelled all leaves and liberties and put the ships and stations on 24-hour alert.

The book is recommended for teenagers about to qualify for "cannon fodder." It is written in a style that they can appreciate, and should be read by them in preference to the author's earlier opus on Jackie Gleason.

MONTGOMERY M. GREEN

Water and Teeth

The Fight for Fluoridation, by Donald R. McNeil. 241 pp. New York: Oxford University Press. $5.00

Mr. McNeil has traced the history of fluoridation from 1901, when a Colorado dentist first observed that mottled teeth were a sectional affliction, to the discovery of the correlation between fluorine and tooth decay which has led to today's raging controversy.

It is no surprise that Mr. McNeil, a pro-fluoridator himself, stresses the eccentricities of certain anti-fluoridators. This is a recognized ploy in this particular game. But it is surprising that he adduces evidence—whether inadvertently or not—of eccentric conduct on the part of fluoridation evangelists such as Dr. John Frisch who did so much to "sell" water fluoridation to the Public Health Service, the AMA and ADA. Frisch, Mr. McNeil tells us, was simply "delighted" when his daughter's teeth showed signs of mottling after several years of drinking a home brew of fluoridated (1.5 ppm) water, because this was proof positive that "fluorine artificially added to water brought about the same results [disfigured teeth?] as fluorine found naturally in water supplies." An interesting book on the whole. But probably too unimpassioned to please the zealot on either side.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

The Prospects of Nuclear Power and Technology, by Gerald Wendt. 348 pp. Van Nostrand. $6.00

Although it is principally concerned with the industrial uses of power derived from atomic fission and fusion, this book has a throbbing undertone of apocalyptic expectation. In our immediate future "the pace of social change will be accelerated" by developments which "would be opposed by conservatives if they could be foreseen." But "the poets and dramatists, the clergy and the politicians," are invited to "become the prophets of the nuclear age," which will surely abolish poverty, religion, and philosophy. The author seems not to suspect that in the new heaven and the new earth which he so confidently promises to us, the horrors of peace will be far greater than the horrors of war.

Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, edited with an introduction by John C. Stephens, Jr. 161 pp. New York University Press. $4.00

This romance, first published anonymously in 1762 and now generally regarded as the first historical novel in English, is one of the earliest manifestations of the tendency to romanticize the Middle Ages. As a literary curiosity it deserves republication, although there is nothing in it that was not done much better by Sir Walter Scott. It is not a bad novel—indeed, it is by *any* standard better than half the new novels over which our critical Establishment is now cooing delightedly—but that is all that can be said for it.

Naked They Pray, by Pearce Gervis. 217 pp., 25 plates. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $4.75

Mr. Gervis has written a kind of specialized travel book. He went to see a variety of Hindu gymnosophists, photographed many of them, and interviewed those who were willing to discuss their beliefs with him. He was convinced that some of the ascetics have awakened in themselves "a power that is dormant" in the rest of mankind, and he hopes "to return [to India] to dig much deeper" into Hindu Doctrines. While waiting, he would do well to undertake a course of reading in the British Museum, where he will discover a wealth of information available in the major European languages. And if he really wants to dig, he can learn Sanskrit.

The New Ordeal of Christianity, by Paul Hutchinson. 128 pp. Association Press. $2.50

The late editor of the *Christian Century* naturally feels that the major problem of Christianity in the United States is Segregation, and he wrings his hands because Southern Protestants have not been sufficiently farsighted to get on the winning side. Elsewhere in the world the problem is to abolish poverty. So far as Europe is concerned, the author brings us this glowing assurance in italics: *"The Vatican always assails the threat of communism in terms of its promotion of atheism, but what it fears far more is the fostering of national forms of Catholicism which have thrown off their allegiance to Rome. The papacy never forgets what happened in England under Henry VIII."* Perhaps it's just that Comrades Tito, Gomulka and Company have forgotten what happened in England under Charles I.

Men and Power, 1917-1918, by Lord Beaverbrook. 448 pp. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $6.50

Lord Beaverbrook, who rues the day on which he ceased to be plain Mr. Aitken and so deprived himself of a brilliant career in the House of Commons, describes internal tensions and intrigue within the cabinet of the mercurial and devious Lloyd George, for whom "no policy was permanent, no pledge final." If read carefully, these memoirs will not disappoint those who date the demoralization of English public life from the ascendency of the high-minded Mr. Asquith, who was Prime Minister from 1908 until Lloyd George was ready to push his puppet out of the way.

(Reviewed by Revilo Oliver)

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To the Editor

"Innocent" Incitement

The *New York Times* of April 29 carried a dispatch from Munich reporting that Radio Free Europe officials there had declared that "none of the changes [in the personnel of RFE's Hungarian desk in Munich] made, or in the making, implies a guilty plea to charges that the organization irresponsibly incited Hungarians to revolt."

Three months earlier, on January 26, the *Herald Tribune's* Bonn correspondent, Gaston Coblenz, had reported President Konrad Adenauer's criticism of RFE. President Adenauer had, according to Mr. Coblenz, "also disclosed that 'certain changes in personnel' have taken place on RFE's staff as a result of the handling of broadcasts during the Hungarian uprising. . . ."

In 1950, RFE's founders declared that it was necessary to form RFE in order to have a "hard-hitting" instrument, "not bound by restrictions under which the official Voice of America has to broadcast to the enslaved peoples behind the Iron Curtain."

That encouragement to fight Communism and the creation of revolts has always been the purpose of RFE can easily be proved not only by the transcripts of its broadcasts but also by statements of its highest officials. To give just one example:

On November 25, 1951, the *New York Times* carried a story from Munich by Jack Raymond, in which he quoted a speech by Charles D. Jackson, then President of the National Committee for a Free Europe (which runs RFE), as follows: "What we wanted was to create conditions of inner turmoil in the countries our broadcasts reached." According to Mr. Raymond's report, Mr. Jackson said: "The time to think about possible military aid is when people in satellite countries succeed in inaugurating a useful military movement on home grounds."

This speech was, of course, broadcast to Hungary. The Hungarians never forgot it, as many Hungarian refugees at Camp Kilmer have told me. It was rebroadcast by Hungarian freedom stations again and again in 1956, with assurances that the U.S. would certainly honor C. D. Jackson's promises of 1951—all the more since Jackson had in the meantime been appointed "Special Adviser" to the President on problems of psychological warfare.

In the light of these facts, can we still maintain that we are "innocent"?

New York City JULIUS EPSTEIN

McCarthy Reprints

Additional reprints of *all* the material on Senator McCarthy, in the May 18 issue are available for 25¢ a set, 100 for $15. Separate reprints of Mr. Schlamm's article, "Across McCarthy's Grave," 15¢ each, 100 for $10.

Also Available . . .

"Here's How to Cut the Budget," by Senator Styles Bridges.

"The Bankruptcy of American Optimism," by Frederick D. Wilhelmsen.

"The Menace of the Budget," by Senator Harry F. Byrd.

(All the above 15¢ each, $10.00 per 100)

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211 East 37th St.
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"Shrinking White Collar"

I read with interest Dr. Harper's "Shrinking White Collar." [May 18.] However, I have suspected that the great fashionableness of common stocks is the product, in part, of the Liberal Machine—due mainly to its line on the ability of the government to guarantee a never-ending boom.

I hope NATIONAL REVIEW does not embrace the common stock fad without some critical study of the fundamental value determinants of equities.

New York City EDWARD J. JENNINGS

British Impartiality

Megan Edwards [letter, May 25] writes: "In Britain we believe in giving impartial information, whether it be about East European countries or any other subject."

Query: Has not Miss Edwards overlooked, among her "any other subjects," the United States? Or is it that in Britain they "believe in giving" full measure, both "impartial information" *and* partial ditto? Or, perhaps, merely that what Miss Edwards "believes in" is one thing and what the press does in Britain is quite another?

Washington, D.C. STANLEY K. HORNBECK

War or Bankruptcy?

Sam Jones' prediction [May 18] that Congress will give Eisenhower's bloated budget a manicure instead of major surgery is as portentous as a thundercloud. Don't Eisenhower's bureaucratic spenders . . . know they're furthering fulfillment of Lenin's prophecy—that the U.S. would be conquered not by war but bankruptcy?

Or do the share-our-wealth One Worlders actually believe their Universal State is going to be run by Washington instead of Moscow? To date, the score made by the players in the State Department vs. the Kremlin's chess experts provides no basis for such optimism.

New York City MILDRED WILLIS HARRIS

Fraternities

I feel obliged to register counter-opposing opinions to Russell Kirk's series, "In Defense of Fraternities" [May 11, May 18]. . . .

No one will deny the gregarious instinct of man, the necessity of community living, or the more pertinent tendency of students to form cliques of mutual companionability. But to maintain . . . that fraternities are increasingly becoming promoters of at least "a decent minimum in academic performance" is inaccurate. To the contrary, social fraternities encourage a "collectivist" spirit of academic intrigue and manipulation. By joining a fraternity, a young student soon learns the necessity of communal assistance in everyday classroom work if he is to take full advantage of the indoctrinated idea of the "joyous college days." . . . Almost any major fraternity [has] large file cases filled with sample term papers, tests, etc., saved from previous semesters. . . . The fraternity man has only to go to the files . . . to draw forth papers done by better students who took the same course. . . .

As for the horrors derivative from the influence of social democracy, I refuse to accede their evil. But the

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perpetuation of the worst characteristics of the "democratic" standard of living, both material and ideological, is usually that very product of the social fraternity: the popular graduate, with "personality," who pursues a post-graduate career as a "two-fisted" ad man . . . sipping martinis in the patio of his suburban house dreaming of new "angles" in motivation research. . . .

Washington, D.C. PHILIP G. WATTS

Youth—and Wisdom

I have enjoyed every issue, every word, of NATIONAL REVIEW. It has kept me informed, given me a better understanding of the terrible muddle of today, and made me laugh with joy. I particularly love the spirit of youth manifested in various articles—very wise youth, I must say. The editorials and "Arts and Manners" in particular are favorites of mine and, in the April 20 issue, "In Praise of Sane Readers."

Fort Worth, Texas HELEN WILSON

The Living Memorial

On page 467 of the May 18 issue you made an error we are anxious to correct.

The Robert A. Taft Chapter of the Wisconsin Federation of Republican Women has started a drive for a fund for Mrs. McCarthy and her baby—not "to build a memorial." We are trying to reach particularly the people in Wisconsin who desire, as we do, to show the country how Wisconsin feels about its beloved Senator.

Milwaukee, Wis. MRS. HERMAN KNOP

ADAM CLAYTON POWELL

(*Continued from p. 547*)

borough president. The people were silent.

And now Powell, who was not satisfied to remain a mere congressman, must consider himself fortunate if he does not slide back to obscurity. He has alienated his allies—the machine Democrats, the Liberal intellectuals, a large segment of the Negro vote, the Communist Party and perhaps even the Department of Justice. The Harlem Negro has other things on his mind than Powell's flamboyant bluster. Several days after Powell came out for Eisenhower, the *Amsterdam News* even carried a letter, signed "Harlem Hospital Readers," stating that Powell was the Benedict Arnold of his race. Just imagine!

A COURSE ON CAPITALISM

MAJOR L. L. B. ANGAS

ACCURATELY to describe Capitalism . . . is AUTOMATICALLY to defend it.

Although everyone speaks of the Capitalist System as though everyone else knows precisely what it is, no two capitalists or socialists will usually agree with each other even as to how this "system" should be defined. Nor do they concur as to what factors, either external or internal, cause it to break down.

The Inarticulate Right

Debates on this subject generate much heat but no light. The conservatives "know" in their bones that the socialists are wrong, but are too inarticulate or incoherent to convert them. It is because they lack a clear Capitalist Manifesto, such as our Course provides. Hence the Marxist empire sweeps the world largely at the expense of the rightists who part with at least 1/3 of their earned income, either in financing domestic socialist schemes or in paying for the East-West War.

The purpose of our 6 pamphlets on Capitalism (and Socialism) is to enlist your aid in dispelling not only the errors of the Left but also the mental confusion of the Right.

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2. ABC of Capitalism . . . 20 conflicting definitions . . . Mechanics and Automatic Self-correctors . . . "Standard" fallacies of the Right.
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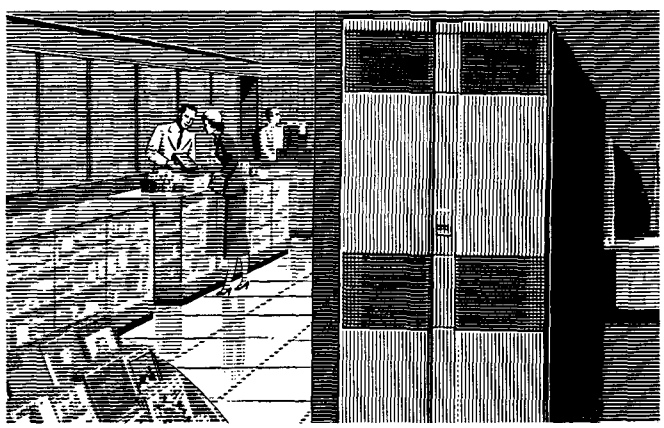

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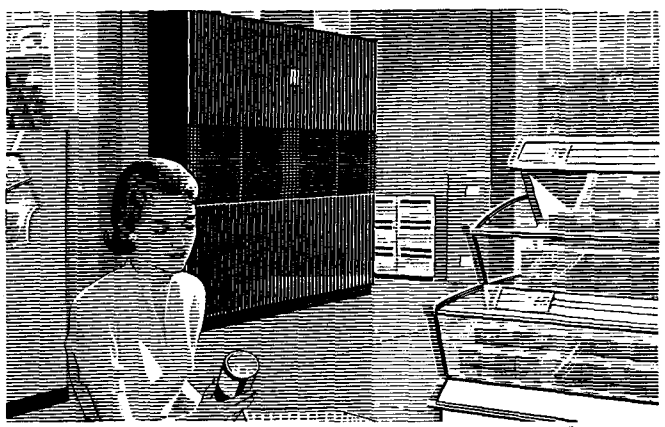

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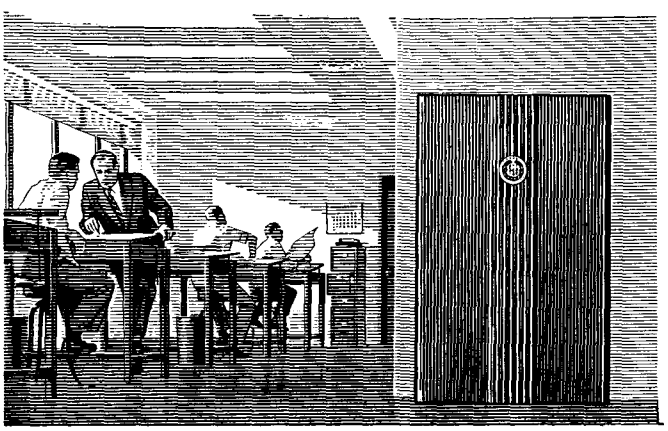

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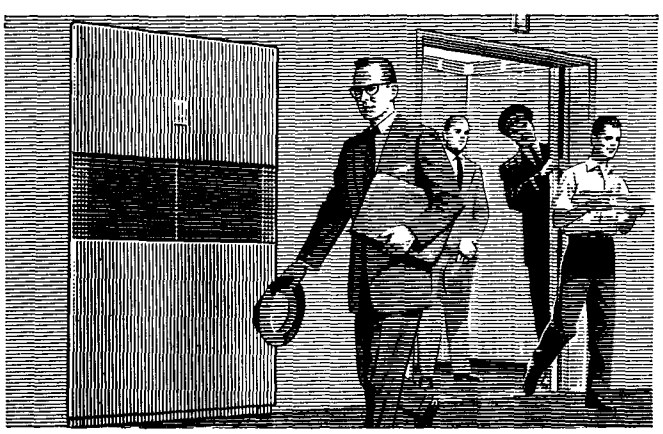

If you have a whole building. Install one or more of these Carrier Self-contained Weathermakers on each floor. Connected to a boiler, they will heat in winter as well as cool in summer.

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